questions, alas

by Juan Carlos Pareja

If in one instant of follie
I plea to you
What am I?
would you then not ask yourself
what are We?

Would you think maybe We are one
and I would ask to you my love
Can One, then, be transformed into Two?
What is left of one after the sum?
Can two be touched or explained to me?

Silly, of course
to ask when in
the depth of your eyes
I have my own personal Delphos

Counting through life
shall wilt your soul
Love is all we have
underneath our masks,
undivided, unconquered,
always generous to he who
is joyous of life and willing to die.

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